

## **Tchaikovsky**

### **January**                      **At the Fireside**

A little corner of peaceful bliss,  
the night dressed in twilight;  
the little fire is dying in the fireplace,  
and the candle has burned out.

(Alexander Pushkin)

### **February**                      **Carnival**

At the lively Mardi Gras  
soon a large feast will overflow.

(Pyotr Vyazemsky)

### **March**                      **Song of the Lark**

The field shimmering with flowers,  
the stars swirling in the heavens,  
the song of the lark  
fills the blue abyss.

(Apollon Maykov)

### **April**                      **Snowdrop**

The blue, pure snowdrop — flower,  
and near it the last snowdrops.  
The last tears over past griefs,  
and first dreams of another happiness.

(A. Maykov)

### **May**                      **Starlit Nights**

What a night!  
What bliss all about!  
I thank my native north country!  
From the kingdom of ice,  
snowstorms and snow,  
how fresh and clean May flies in!

(Afanasy Fet)

### **June**                      **Barcarolle**

Let us go to the shore;  
there the waves will kiss our feet.  
With mysterious sadness  
the stars will shine down on us.

(Aleksey Pleshcheyev)

### **July**                      **Song of the Reaper**

Move the shoulders,  
shake the arms!  
And the noon wind  
breathes in the face!

(Aleksey Koltsov)

**August****Harvest**

The harvest has grown,  
people in families cutting the tall rye down to the root!  
Put together the haystacks,  
music screeching all night from the hauling carts.  
(A. Koltsov)

**September)****Hunting**

It is time!  
The horns are sounding!  
The hunters in their hunting dress are mounted on their horses;  
in early dawn the borzois are jumping.  
(A. Pushkin, Graf Nulin)

**October****Autumn Song**

Autumn, our poor garden is all falling down,  
the yellowed leaves are flying in the wind.  
(Aleksey Nikolayevich Tolstoy)

**November****Troika**

In your loneliness do not look at the road,  
and do not rush out after the troika.  
Suppress at once and forever the fear of longing in your heart.  
(Nikolay Nekrasov)

**December****Christmas**

Once upon a Christmas night the girls were telling fortunes:  
taking their slippers off their feet and throwing them out of the gate.  
(Vasily Zhukovsky)